

LADY ASTOR, STAR OF WOMEN'S CONVENTION, "PLAYS" CAPITAL

that New York, are almost as thoroughly captivated by him as by his wife. Isn't it curious that these two people—not merely American born themselves, but with generations of the best American blood in their veins—should come to us from Great Britain as peers of the realm, and make such a tremendous hit? Some of the women at the Baltimore conference seem downright peevish about it, and talk bitterly of the neglect of the old-time leaders of feminism in America being cold shouldered while people fall over themselves to shower attentions on this pair of recreant Americans.

That, after all, isn't quite fair. For Viscount Astor would probably have been a perfectly good American, left to himself. He is American born, of course, and a son of William Waldorf Astor, and of his wife, who was Margaret Dahlgren Paul, of Philadelphia. As I remember it, the first Lord Astor did not renounce his American citizenship until after his wife's death. And I know that they tell tales in London of the present holder of the title seeking out every American boy who came to Eton or Oxford and hailing them as his compatriots, greeting them cordially with "I'm American, too." He seems to have been the victim of his father's lack of judgment—and, British or American, he's an awfully nice fellow, and one of whom both countries can well be proud.

His education is practically entirely British. He went to Eton, where he won the Prince Consort's French prize, and was "Captain of the Boats"—don't you love that? At New College, Oxford, he was a notable polo player, and steeple-chaser, and swordsman.

He was on the varsity teams in all of these, defending the university against Cambridge in the intercollegiate sports. And then when his time came he married an American girl—who didn't marry him for his title, for she did it long before either he or his father had a title. The British didn't tumble over themselves over there to give the elder Astor the "handle to his name," which he notoriously coveted. And, if appearances count for anything, they're living happy ever after.

Lord Astor feels that his especial province this trip is to look after his wife. He's big enough not to mind shining in reflected glory. And it's really very sweet to see how he watches over his "Nan," guards her from fatigue, and makes himself generally useful in the most unobtrusive way. Their visit in Washington will necessarily be brief. They are in this country only for a little while, and they want to spend as much of it as they can at Mirador, the old home of Lady Astor—one of the quartet of "beautiful Langhorne girls of Virginia." There is a feeling that she is a little more truly "American" than her husband, since he, though born on this side, was educated in England and has made his home there practically all his life, while she is Virginian born and bred, and until her marriage had not lived abroad—for more than occasional short periods as she happened to be traveling.

WHILE in Washington the Astors are the guests of the Gifford Pinchots—at least they are occupying the Pinchot house. Mrs. Pinchot and Lady Astor are old friends—and it's "Lella" and "Nan" when they get together. But the Pinchots are very busy up in Pennsylvania, in the midst of a "Pinchot for Governor" campaign, so they have lent their house to the Astors, and left them to their own devices and the mercy of their friends.

Today General Pershing, who is giving a delightful series of Sunday breakfast parties—the last one was for Marshall Joffre—is entertaining at the Shoreham in honor of Lord and Lady Astor; and last evening they were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Ells.

It got into the papers that the British ambassador and Lady Geddes were to entertain for the Astors that evening, but no, they were instead among Mr. and Mrs. Ells's guests; and afterward the whole party adjourned to the reception which the League of Women Voters gave last evening at their headquarters especially for Lady Astor. A very pretty compliment it was, for the league invited the entire Congress and the members of their families to meet this slim little lady; and Congress turned out in force—and in its best bib and tucker.

Mrs. Medill McCormick is giving a reception for Lady Astor this afternoon. Yesterday she was entertained at the National Press Club, with most of the newspaper men and newspaper women assembled to meet her and she talked to them in man-to-man fashion. It was here, too, that she met "Miss Alice" Robertson, the only woman in the British Parliament and the only woman in the American House hobnobbing gleefully together.

Hardings "Of Return" From Celebration of Grant's Centennial Visit to Ohio Prevents Participation in Ceremonies.

IT was rather a disappointment to Washington that the President and Mrs. Harding should not be here for the unveiling of the Grant Monument, which has been so long a-building, but the engagement to attend the ceremonies at Point Pleasant was of long standing, and it was perhaps rather a matter of State pride that the gentleman from Ohio, who is at present President of the United States, should go out to do honor to the first of a long line of Presidents, who chose the same auspicious birthplace. Of course, when it comes to choosing between Washington and Ohio, well, Washington couldn't expect to be in it!

The Presidential party started off Wednesday afternoon and included most of the Ohio people who are regarded as especially in the Administration "set." Attorney General Daugherty, the only member of the Cabinet who hails from Ohio; Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Sawyer, the former would naturally be one of the party as the President's personal physician, even if he and Mrs. Sawyer were not leading citizens of Marion, Ohio; Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, widow of General Ulysses Grant's eldest son, and the only one of his children who followed in his father's footsteps and embraced a military career. Congressman and Mrs. Longworth and Congressman and Mrs. Kearns, the Secretary to the President and Mrs. George Christian, Jr., Mrs. Henry Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, Col. Julius A. Penn and Jesse Smith, of Columbus, every one of them, with the possible exception of Mrs. Fred Grant, of strong Ohio affiliations even if some of them, like the McLeans, now register from elsewhere. Mrs. Grant, of course, went along as the representative of the Grant family.

The party went to Cincinnati by train, and was joined there by Congressman and Mrs. Stephens, also from Ohio, of course, and Col. T. Q. Ashburn. There they took a river packet down to the tiny village of Point Pleasant, and took part in the celebration near the site of the tannery which Jesse Grant, pioneer, and father of the great civil war leader, established, and adjacent to which he lived. But all that has been so thoroughly exploited in the last few months, that if you don't know about it, it must be because you are not interested—so I won't bore you with the details.

THE Vice President stood proxy for President Harding at the exercises here and made the principal address, with scores of notables looking on and a large proportion of the populace lined up along the line of march to view the parade. Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of General Grant, unveiled the memorial, assisted by her young daughter, Princess Ida.

The parade was long and time fleeting, so I didn't see much of it, except the West Point cadets, marching like clockwork and with delightful swank, and the fine upstanding battalion of middies in their wake. Then the thin line of Grant's veterans, bent and tottering a bit, pathetic yet brave in the uniforms of another day. And marching in their midst a few old fellows in Confederate gray. There was the high light of the whole picture, anything else, even our stalwart lads in olive drab, would have seemed anti-climax to me, and I was glad enough to slip away, choking down a bit of a lump in my throat.

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New Summer Hats Creations in blackhair and horsehair, trimmed in ostrich, lacquered leaves and grapes. Many models are trimmed with flowers.

Hats That Were From \$5 to \$15 Now \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50

THE chief pride of the legation of Guatemala in Washington is the seven youngsters of the Minister and Mme. Bianchi. They are Emilio, age thirteen; Elisa, twelve; Matilde, nine; Edward, seven; Martha, six; Robert, four; and Margaret, two.

This is the eleventh of a series of stories The Washington Times is publishing introducing the "junior diplomats," the youngsters attached to the various embassies and legations in Washington, to its readers.



—Photo by Harris & Ewing.

Benefit Concert to Be Broadcasted by Radio

PATRIOTS and music lovers of Washington are deeply interested in the two concerts to be given on Tuesday and Friday of next week at the National Theater at 4:30 p. m. These concerts, under the auspices of the Soldiers' Institute, feature four artists of different nations. Patricia Ryan, American grand opera prima donna; Willem van den Andel, pianist, former professor of piano at the Royal Conservatory of Rotterdam; Samuel Furedi, Hungarian cellist, pupil and successor of the famous Popper of the Royal Conservatory of Budapest; Elia Louise Raner, Polish violinist, pupil of Auer.

The accompanists will be Mrs. Rhea Watson Cable, pianist, composer and wife of Congressman Cable of Ohio, and Mrs. Adele R. Bush.

An interesting feature of the May 2 concert is that it will be broadcasted all over the country by the naval air station at Anacostia, under the direction of Capt. S. W. Bryant, chief of the Radio-engineering department of the navy. Captain Bryant is being assisted in making this feature a brilliant success by Lieutenant Commander Davis and Comdr. Albert Hoyt, the inventor of the modern method of broadcasting.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals to "listen-in" at this concert, which is being given for the purpose of raising funds to give the wounded men a summer outing. Some of the "shut-in" soldiers who had not left the hospitals since being brought on stretchers from France are overjoyed at the prospect of being given a chance to get out in the open for a while.

Perhaps they get to thinking of the lines: When the war is on and the people excited, "God and the soldier" they cry affrighted; When the war is over and the wrong is righted, God is forgotten and the soldier alighted.

The artists, each of whom represents the highest and best in his or her line of art, have donated their services for these benefit concerts.

Political Ups and Downs Fail to Move Seven Small Bianchis

REVOLUTIONS and wars mean nothing to the little Bianchi children. They are quite used to 'em. Down there, or so they say, a person can go to sleep at night, a loyal citizen of the government and wake up next day a traitor to his flag. The aforesaid flag having changed overnight.

A revolution sent the seven little Bianchis to the United States when their daddy, Dr. Julio Bianchi, was appointed minister. And another revolution is taking them away. A recent political upheaval in Guatemala disposed the president responsible for the presence of the Bianchis in Washington and now the State Department doesn't know just who is minister. Dr. Bianchi, however, is about to settle their difficulty for them. With his family he is leaving shortly for Mexico City, Mexico, where he expects to establish himself permanently.

Washington will miss the Bianchis. In the two years they have been here the youngsters have learned a number of things from their Yankee cousins. Emilio, the eldest, is a Boy Scout and belongs to a local troop. Margaret, the baby of the family, was born in Washington and is a Yankee baby by right of birth.

Emilio, the oldest of the small army of youngsters, is just thirteen. Margaret, the baby, is not quite two. Between them there is Elisa, Matilde, Edward, Martha and Robert, all handsome sturdy youngsters, decidedly Spanish-American in appearance.

Diplomat to Wed Washington Girl

A WEDDING of international interest will take place on Thursday when Miss Grace Eastment becomes the bride of Dr. Bernard Jan Graumans, counselor of the Netherlands legation.

The ceremony will be performed at noon in All Souls' Church by the Rev. Dr. H. H. D. Sterrett, who will be assisted by his son, the Rev. J. McBryde Sterrett, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eastment, who live in Ordway street.

The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will have her sister, Miss Elsie Eastment, as her only attendant.

Baron G. W. de Vos van Steenwijk, attaché of the Netherlands legation, will be best man, and the ushers will be Capt. John Wood, Capt. Pierre Agnew, Captain Shepherd and Captain Young, all of the army.

Among those from out of town who will come to the wedding will be Capt. and Mrs. H. L. Mason, of Brookline, Conn., uncle and aunt of the bride, and Mrs. Charles Lee, of Glen Cove, L. I., another aunt, who will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eastment; Miss Clara Day, of Hartford, Conn., and P. C. Eastment, of Glen Cove.

The engagement was made known last summer at the same time that the engagement of Miss Helen Eastment to Charles R. Schultz was announced.

Mrs. Lenroot To Be At Home Thursday

MRS. IRVINE L. LENROOT, wife of Senator Lenroot, will be at home informally on Thursday afternoon, May 4, at her apartment in the Woodward and will have assisting her her guest, Mrs. John T. Murphy, of Superior, Wis.

Delegates Arrive for Women's Overseas Service Convention

Local Unit to Entertain Visiting Delegates.

MANY a young matron in Washington today can look back upon a romantic, thrilling but withal terrible experience in the war zone when she was a helper in the recreation hut or hospital. In the three years that have passed since the armistice great changes have taken place in the lives of some of the women who served overseas. Husbands have appeared on the scene and in some cases a child or two. These women are particularly interested in the convention of the Women's Overseas Service League, which will meet here beginning today and extending until next Wednesday.

Members of the local unit of the league will entertain the visiting delegates. Mrs. Larz Anderson will have as her guest during the period of the convention the national president of the league, Mrs. Oswald Chew, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. D. Brayden Kyle, the chairman of the national legislative committee. This last office sounds very formidable, but the only legislative work the league contemplates engaging in is the effort to obtain a Congressional charter.

Miss Lena Hitchcock is going to entertain Miss Louise Wells, the president of the Chicago unit. Mrs. John Van Schaick, Jr., will entertain the Countess Helene de Gobbel, of Belgium, with whom she was associated in war work in Belgium during the period when her husband was Red Cross commissioner for that country. The countess will speak at the meeting Monday night in the Central High School auditorium, which will also be addressed by General Pershing and the French and British ambassadors. Girls who served overseas during the war will act as ushers, wearing the uniform which they wore in the recreation huts. I have seen pictures of both Miss Helen Day and Miss Catherine Andrews in these costumes and they were particularly fetching.

THIS afternoon the members of the local unit hope that all of their friends will assist them at the exercises out at Arlington over the grave of the unknown soldier. Mrs. Chew, the president, will decorate the grave with the emblem of the league.

Dr. John Van Schaick will deliver an address at the grave.

On Tuesday the league will be received by Mrs. Harding at the White House and on Wednesday the members will visit the hospitals where the disabled veterans "still remain with armistice day three years behind them." That is the main purpose of the organization, to ameliorate if possible the condition of these veterans. The local league gives four parties a month regularly, two at Mt. Alto and two at St. Elizabeth's.

WIELDERS OF PEN AND PENCIL ASSEMBLE FOR PENWOMEN'S LEAGUE CONVENTION; NOT FORGETTING TYPEWRITER ARTISTS

Women From All Over Country Attend Silver Jubilee—Authors' Breakfast an Event.

THE League of American Penwomen was holding its silver jubilee and first biennial conference during the greater part of last week. I don't know just how many of 'em were here, but to use my small nephew's favorite expression, "They mus' 've been mos' a million of 'em!" And, my! but they were a busy bunch! The opening gun of their aforementioned "silver jubilee and biennial conference"—I quote from their rather elaborately gotten up program, a nice little pamphlet in jade green and silver covers—seems to have been an afternoon tea at the White House on Tuesday. Or, no—the Women's National Press Club entertained their national and State officers at luncheon at the Madrilon on Monday.

The President and Mrs. Harding are certainly joiners! They belong to more different organizations than any President and First Lady that have ever been in the White House. Mrs. Harding belongs to the L. A. P. W. She was invited to become a member a month or two before she entered upon her duties as chateleine of the White House, and filed her application for membership in due and regular form. So, of course, she had to give them a tea when they came to Washington. She must have been rather tired by the time she got to it, for Tuesday certainly was her busy day. She and the President together received the Daughters of 1812 that afternoon, and then she received the Dames of the Loyal Legion; and then gave, her tea for the delegates to the League of American Penwomen's conference—a tea is a little more hospitable hospitality than merely receiving, you see.

Perhaps the most sensational feature of the conference was a breakfast at Wardman Park Hotel—which was the headquarters of the conference—on Wednesday. There were several hundred women, most of them clever, and many of them really notable at that breakfast, and a sprinkling of men. Writers of some achievement, composers, editors, artists, publishers and critics rubbed elbows at that "Authors' breakfast," and I for one was most impressed.

Mrs. Henry Wilder Keyes, the acting president, had at the table with her Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Taft, and she read a letter of greeting from Mrs. Harding. And Henry Cabot Lodge was at that table, and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of "Five Little Peppers" fame—apologies to either or both for the juxtaposition—and Mary Roberts Rinehart, who writes better prose than most, and Angela Morgan, who can, and sometimes does, write real poetry; and Cora Rigby (bless her!) president of the National Women's Press Club, and W. F. Bigelow, editor of Good Housekeeping, to which Mrs. Keyes is a regular contributor, and—I forget who else.

Mrs. Geldert, who was toastmistress, and a most graceful one, seemed to have rallied the army and navy to her support—she had General Pershing, chief of staff, U. S. A., and Admiral Counts and Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune. And Anna Katherine Greene Rhoads was there, and Ida Clyde Clark, and Helen Rowland, and Mme. Grouitch, and Princess Cantacuzene and Basil King, of Boston; and Mrs. Arthur Lee, and—well, several hundred "also rans"—even as you and I.

Mrs. Keyes introduced rather briefly the honor guests—most of whom looked pleasant and said nothing. She presented Henry Cabot Lodge as the leading literary light of the United States Senate, and he made a very graceful little address.

Basil King gave an amusing talk, taking for his text the Scotchman's remark that America was "a mighty fine country, but it was run by the weemin, with a wee bit of assistance frae Methodist ministers." General Pershing assured his hearers that his literary experience was confined to a series of model love letters which he has written as a "composition" while he was at West Point, and sadly enough he had ceased writing love letters very soon after he graduated, so that practice seemed time wasted. Which, of course, everybody took with several grains of salt. And when the general pried himself loose, the fluffy bunch of pretty girls, gotten up as magazine covers, who were serving as pages, all fluttered along to be photographed with him—and perhaps you think those sweet young things weren't thrilled! They had thought it joy enough to be photographed in a group around Mary Roberts Rinehart, each of them trying to make herself believe that she looked like "Bab." But that paled into insignificance beside this. Their cup of bliss overflowed.

IT really was a most interesting occasion—or it would have been had there been less of it. It was too long! Those things always are. The thing was supposed to begin at noon—and it was getting on to 3 o'clock when I left—and even then it was still "going strong." There were all sorts of stunts still on the program, and one didn't quite see how they'd ever get through in time for the ordinary afternoon engagements. Mrs. Hughes, for instance, was due at a recital—Mme. Matzenauer, the artist—for the benefit of the Wellesley College endowment fund. Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Hughes and General Pershing were to be members of her box party (Continued on Next Page.)

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